

# THE SILENT WORLD

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No. 13.

*For The Silent World.*

## BE STRONG.

O BROTHERS! faint not nor grow weary  
Though trials beset thee to-day,  
But use them as merciful helpers,  
And guides on thy heavenward way.

The sorrows that darken our pathway,  
Bringing weeping to heart and to eyes,  
Are, doubtless, in God's broader vision,  
Sure blessings in wisest disguise.

And if we awhile do grope blindly  
In the dark and the clouds and the night,  
We know that of hope we can borrow  
For all clouds, the rose tint of light.

The dirges we chant above grave mounds,  
O'er losses of those we most love,  
Will be lost in the glad songs of triumph,  
We may sing in the bright courts above.

Then cheer! brothers, cheer! high or lowly,  
Be patient, be hopeful, be strong,  
For tho' the clouds gather in blackness to-day,  
To-morrow may be sunshine and song.

S. C.

## NOT AS BAD AS HE SEEMED.

IN TWO PARTS.

II.

"THE next day and for many succeeding days, Jones taught our class. Mr. Brown's leg was broken. Things went on very much as usual. Grady made as much trouble for Jones as he had been wont to make for Mr. Brown. The mishap caused a good deal of talk at first, and there was even a story that, when the hostler unsaddled the horse after the accident, he found a chestnut-burr which had evidently been placed there by design; but the days wore on, and the matter was soon dropped and forgotten.

"To all appearances, Grady had forgotten it as completely as the others. He never alluded to it; not even to me. At first, he was much frightened, and lived in constant dread of punishment, but as that did not come, the feeling, by degrees, passed away, and he was his old mischievous and reckless self again.

"As soon as Mr. Brown was well enough to sit up, Grady went to see him and confessed putting the chestnut-burr under the saddle, with the design that the horse should throw him, but not thinking or intending that he should be hurt by the fall. Mr. Brown said very little, but freely forgave Grady; the more so as he had always felt a great interest in him, notwithstanding all the trouble he caused. But when the matter came to Mr. Fuller's knowledge, he was very angry and sent for Grady, and told him that, as a punishment, he would not be allowed to leave the yard for anything the remainder of the term.

"We all laughed when we were told of the punishment. What did it matter to Grady whether he was 'allowed to leave the yard'? it had always been his habit and his boast that he did not wait for permission when he chose to go away, and he would probably do in the future as he had done in the past. And we all wondered when we saw him, week after week, patiently submit to his punishment. Not even when the annual pic-nic came off and he was left behind, could some of the most turbulent among us persuade him that, on that day at least, it was unjust to leave him at home, and he, therefore, had a right to go where he chose.

Although, as he said, he knew perfectly well, if he went away after the others were gone and returned before any one came back, no one would be the wiser, he remained in the neighborhood of the house all day and helped the cook and butcher. And strangest of all, although at other times, he was his old self and as mischievous as ever, on these occasions when he was left nearly or quite alone, he stealthily refrained from any mischief whatever.

"Mr. Brown had long ago returned to his duties, and he and Grady seemed to understand each other perfectly. It was plain to us all that Grady was trying hard not to trouble Mr. Brown. His old habits were too strong, however, to be easily overcome, and every now and then, there would be a regular battle between the two, very much as of old. Still these battles became less and less frequent, and when the term closed, it was evident that if Grady meant to reform, he had made some progress during the last few months.

"Vacation came, none too soon for most of us, although it must have seemed long in coming to poor Grady. In the Fall, I went back some time after the commencement of the term and found, to my sorrow, that Grady had not returned. We never knew exactly why: his parents removed to a distant state I think, and for years, I lost sight of him. Mr. Brown continued at the Institution a number of years, and then left to engage in other business, and I lost sight of him too.

"A year or two ago, I had business in S——. One evening, I was out walking, and whom should I meet but Grady, now a tall, fine-looking man. We recognized each other instantly; for the length of time that had elapsed since we saw each other had not been long enough to cause either of us to change very much. Grady told me that he had a fine farm, left him by his father, a little way out of the city. He insisted that I should make his house my home during my stay in S——. He promised to drive me to town as often as my business required, and told me that Mr. Brown, our old teacher, has lately moved into his neighborhood, and we could call on him. Of course, even without this additional inducement, I should have been only too glad to accept the invitation; for as you well know, we deaf-mutes like nothing on earth as much as to get together and renew old times.

"I found Grady prospering finely. His farm was the best for miles around, and he had been more than ordinarily successful. He lived in a neat little cottage, with his mother and only sister. About a quarter of a mile from the house and just beyond the farm limits, ran the railroad. Across the railroad, was the farm which Mr. Brown had just purchased. His house was some distance from the track, up on a steep bank.

"I went everywhere with Grady and worked on the farm with him—just for companionship; and he accompanied me when I went to town on the business which had called me to S——. We had many a pleasant talk with Mr. Brown. He was married and had one child, a little girl, who, I soon found, was the idol of her parents. My stay in S—— had already been longer than I intended, and I spoke of going away. But Grady and Mr. Brown both seemed so loth to have me go that I was persuaded to prolong my visit a little while.

"One day, we were at work mending the fence down by the railroad. Mr. Brown was also at work in his field at the top of the bank, and his little daughter was keeping him company.

Ordinarily, she was not allowed so near the track, but in her father's company and with his eye on her, of course she was safe. She soon discovered our whereabouts, and as we were great favorites with her, walked away from her father until she came opposite to where we were working, and began to pelt us with cowslips, which were growing around in great abundance. In her eagerness to attract our attention (for you must remember that as we were both deaf, it was of no use to call to us), she must have approached so near the edge of the bank that, when she threw with all her might, she lost her balance and rolled down. Be that as it may, we were suddenly startled by the jar of an approaching train, and turning to watch it pass, saw, to our horror, the little one lying in the middle of the track. The engine was very near, and the child seemed stunned by her fall and lay perfectly still. The only way to save her was to run across the track and pick her up without stopping; and to do this was hopeless, for the bank, on the other side, was so steep that it would be impossible to run up, and there would be no time to turn around to return to the level side. Before I had time to think of all this, indeed, before I fully realized what had happened, Grady had sprung forward. Breathlessly I watched him reach the middle of the track, seize the child, and toss her to the soft grass on the level side. Then he turned to come back, but too late, for the engine struck him, and he was thrown some distance, falling a little way ahead of the child, fortunately on the level side also. The train stopped, and the passengers crowded out. Some of them volunteered to carry Grady up the stairs, which had been made up the bank for the convenience of visitors between the two farms, to Mr. Brown's house. Accompanied by a surgeon, who happened to be on the train, and taking the little girl, who had recovered and was unhurt, we bore my friend to the house. A few words explained all to Mr. Brown, who, missing his little girl and hearing the train stop, had rushed to the stairs to see what was the matter, and he led the way to his best bed-room. There the surgeon set Grady's broken leg and arm, and left us to resume his journey in the train, which only waited for his return to be off again.

"It was many weeks before Grady began to become convalescent. It was wonderful that he recovered; for besides the broken limbs, he was shockingly bruised, and for a long time, we feared that there were internal injuries. But at last, our friend, aided by one of the strongest of constitutions, was out of danger, and soon after began to sit up.

"One day when we were all sitting with him, and he was rapidly getting stronger, he turned to Mr. Brown and said, 'you remember how I caused your horse to fall on you and break your leg, in revenge for a just punishment at school? For years I have tried to make reparation for the pain I caused you then. Dear friend, I have accomplished something at last, and I feel that now I merit in some degree the forgiveness you so freely accorded me at the time.'"

A LADY in Salt Creek valley, Kansas, the other day, met with a very severe accident, and is not able to give a single particular of her misfortune. She went out into a pasture-field to catch a horse to drive to town. She came back to her home without the horse, and without her tongue—that is, the use of it. She had been struck suddenly dumb, and was in good health in every other respect. She has since been unable to speak the smallest word or even utter a sound. She is supposed to have fallen in a fit or been very badly frightened. This lady is not eligible, and those men who think silence is golden in a woman, need not think of hunting her up and staking off the claim. She is already the wife of Mr Samuel Chapman, of Pleasant Ridge. There be many who would like to know just how it was done, but it is a secret which the woman will doubtless keep.

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

FROM OVER THE SEA.

ROME, ITALY, April 24th, 1874.

ROME has been painted and described and photographed; and we have the impressions of Byron and Mark Twain. What then is left for me? And yet the glorious old city has so captivated both sense and imagination that I can write of nothing else, even though I run the risk of growing tedious. My visit here has been at a fortunate time in some respects. The Italian Government is continuing excavations in the Roman Forum, and has made some discoveries of great interest. For one thing, the direction of the Forum is now a settled question. It most certainly extended from the Capitol toward the Coliseum. The temple of the deified Julius was uncovered about a month ago, or rather the basement of it; and about a fortnight since, the earth was removed from the foundation of the temple of Vesta, thus proving that the three beautiful Corinthian columns which form so prominent a feature in pictures of the Forum, belonged to the temple of Castor and Pollux. The intention is, to lay bare the entire Forum, and expose the Via Sacra as far as the Arch of Titus.

There is, just now, considerable speculation in real estate in the city. The sequestration of so much conventional property has given opportunity for improvement of city lots; and one company, of apparently great wealth, is not only grading and paving new, wide streets, *with ample sidewalks*, but is erecting commodious dwellings in great number. The Esquiline hill is the seat of their operations, near the railway station, and that part of the city bids fair to become quite Parisian in appearance. A few days ago, I saw some men digging a street through a mound, and had the pleasure soon to behold a portion of the *Agger* of Servius Tullius brought to light. I believe it was quite buried in Livy's time. The part I saw unearthed, was the foundation of a round, bastion-like tower, formed of large blocks of a conglomerate called, *Peperino*. It crumbles soon upon exposure; and I noticed the blocks were not well-laid—apparently little care being taken to break joints. In that respect, the work resembles the walls of *Roma Quadrata*, now partly exposed on the *Palatinè* hill.

These improvements must be a sore trial to the good Pius. He always feared the railroad, and denied it entrance to the city. Since the occupation of Rome by the Italian Government, he has shut himself in the Vatican, and never appears even in St. Peter's. He comforts the convents for the loss of their property, by telling them they deserve the punishment thus inflicted by Heaven, for their relaxation of discipline.

It has been quite interesting to me to compare my first impressions of modern Rome with the impression which the ruins of the ancient city have produced. The streets are narrow and gloomy, always wet with dampness in the evening; and on cloudy days, even at noon. (Of course I speak of Winter.) They are paved, without sidewalks, and small, square blocks of lava are not cider-down. Tall houses frown upon you. Multitudinous palaces, their first stories barred like prisons, show their grim joints at every turn. Churches at nearly every corner, and convents on every hill, testify to the power which has ridden the city so long. Many of the churches are grand, their decorations of marble and painting always sumptuous, often beautiful. But when compared with the wreck of the former city, Rome of the present day seems like a dwarf—a thing of insignificance—its inferiority in wealth, taste, grandeur, majesty, in all the elements of the beautiful and the great is so marked as to become positively painful. I could wish that these magnificent ruins were at a distance from any modern city. They



gain nothing from so petty a foil, while we of feel the present age, uncomfortably humiliated by the contrast.

If I were to select the two points of greatest interest and pleasure to me in Rome, they would, of course, be; the Palace of the Caesars on the Palatine hill and the Vatican. The imperial buildings are in utter ruin, of course. They have been so faithfully quarried that little marble remains. Yet the brick-work is partly left, enough to enable one to form the plan of the building, and enough of the marble decoration exists to excite the fancy. But the Vatican has claimed more of my time than anything else here. It has been nothing but prolonged pleasure for me to visit the long corridors, lined with the treasures which the earth preserved so long from the lime-kiln. The Apollo is certainly very beautiful, but I am sorry it has been *restored*. To my mind the Meleager is nearly if not quite as beautiful, and that is not disfigured by any modern additions. The Mercury, the Torso, Demosthenes—but I must not begin a catalogue.

The collection of paintings in the Vatican is not large, but very choice. Raphael's "Transfiguration" is certainly much more beautiful than I had expected to find it. No copy which I have seen, begins to convey an adequate idea of the superb coloring of this canvass. By its side, almost, is the "Communion of St. Jerome," of Domenichino, which does not seem to suffer from the proximity. These two paintings, with the Dresden Madonna, seem to me to stand apart from all others I have seen.

I have not made it my business to see all the churches of Rome, nor to hunt up relics. I have been to the principal ones several times, and feel more satisfaction from that cause. With St. Peter's, I have been profoundly impressed. It is so grand in its dimensions! yet if the intention of the architect was to produce the impression of immensity on the casual observer, it certainly is a failure. All is so huge, and the spaces are in masses so large that the eye receives no assistance. But this is precisely why I admire it so much.

JAMES M. SPENCER.

#### PERSONAL.

J. W. SCOTT, Deaf-mute College, '71, will spend part or the whole of his vacation at his home in Gettysburg, Penn.

MR. SIDNEY H. HOWARD, of the New York High Class, 1873, is at present teaching a little deaf-mute boy at Arcade, New York.

R. P. Mcgregor, Deaf-mute College, '72, gave us a call the other day, while on his way to Belleville, Canada, to attend the Convention.

P. A. EMERY, of Chicago, is giving exhibitions with a scopticon illustrating the order of creation. Some of his views and the manner of arranging the design of others are original.

W. L. BIRD, Deaf-mute College, '70, writes us that he expects to be at the Belleville Convention. He also purposes to go to Mont-real, then to visit friends in Vermont, and perhaps "do the White Mountains."

MR. WILLARD E. MARTIN, of West Randolph, Vermont, Hartford, '64, and for some time connected with the Deaf-mute College, still pursues the even tenor of his farm-life, except when he goes a fishing and catches 300 trout as he did the other day.

MR. H. W. SYLE, of the New York Institution, a few weeks ago, assumed the instruction of the deaf-mute Bible class, which meets at St. Ann's Church on Sunday mornings. Since then, the attendance has increased with every meeting; a Sunday or two ago, it was double what it was the Sunday before.

THE house occupied by Mr. Newton Walker, formerly Principal of the South Carolina Institution, and Mr. North and Mrs. Henderson, both now connected with the Institution, was wholly destroyed by fire on May 23. The fire originated from a defective flue to a stove-pipe in the kitchen, and was communicated to the roof of the house before it could be arrested. Most of the furniture was saved, but Mr. North lost a number of articles of considerable value.

THE editor of *The Journal*, in company with Mr. E. E. Miles, of Syracuse, went off on a fishing tour in the woods of Oneida and Lewis Counties, New York, recently. They caught a good lot of trout during two days, and had it not been for the swarms of mosquitoes which tormented them, as they angled along the streams and brooks, they would have been delighted to continue the sport for a few days longer. They had two large pans of trout stored in an ice-house ready to pack and send home the next day. But during the night, one pan mysteriously became empty. Mr. Miles took home the pan of fish that was left, and the editor returned empty-handed. Notwithstanding the loss of his fish, he declares he had a most enjoyable time; and there are probably few of our readers who will not join us in saying that we would enjoy such an excursion, even though we should be forced to return as empty-handed as we started.

MR. WILLIAM EARNEST, a graduate of the American Asylum of 1831, and one of the earliest pupils of that Institution, having entered in 1819, stopped in Washington on the 13th, 14th, and 15th ult. He has lived in Mobile, Alabama, for the last twenty-five years, working at his trade of carpentry and pattern-making. At the commencement of the war he had saved \$2,500, all of which he lost in the troublous times which followed. He has done fairly since, and will reside with his relatives in Baltimore hereafter. Mr. Earnest has seen much trouble, having lost his wife and children; but he still bears a cheerful and a charitable heart, and possesses those qualities of independence and generosity which we all like to see in a deaf-mute. While in Washington, he did not expect the Institution here to lodge and feed him; neither did he tax the hospitality of any of the citizens because they were deaf-mutes, but provided for himself like a man. This is in no respect particularly commendable, except as being in contrast with the practice of many deaf-mutes, and we mention the fact, only because there are many who need the force of such an example. Mr. Earnest has been quite isolated from all that pertains to the deaf and dumb during his residence in the South, and he knew not that Laurent Clerc, the elder Peet, and others were dead, or whether many of his old friends were living. His case, we think, proves the value of a newspaper published in the interests of the deaf and dumb.

REFERRING to the killing of a deaf-mute, Christie Harmon, by a construction train, near Spring Station, Woodford County, Ky., on the 24th of January, *The Frankfort Yoeman* says: "The family history of the poor deaf-mute is a sad one—the saddest within our knowledge for many a day. He was the only support of a widowed mother. His father lost an arm when he first came to the country, and he was afterwards killed at Nicholasville by a negro. A brother was killed a few years ago, by one of Mr. A. J. Alexander's Alderney bulls. Two of his sisters started to go Southward on a steamer, some time ago, and have never been heard from since, and their friends have come to the conclusion that they too have perished by violence. Poor Christie, therefore, who was killed by the construction train last Saturday evening, was the fifth member of his father's family who has come to a sudden and violent death."

# THE SILENT WORLD.

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WASHINGTON, JULY 1, 1874.

OUR friends of *The Journal*, hold that it is right and proper for that paper to receive a money gift of \$500 from the State of New York. Would it not be equally right and proper for the State to give \$500 to blind people (in one or both eyes,) to paupers, to orphans, to the lame, the one-armed, the insane, or those with only nine fingers, to establish a paper of their own? In fact, nothing can be more absurd and unjust than the discrimination in favor of the deaf and dumb. And when we remember that it is not only unjust to others, but directly injurious to the deaf themselves, who but those directly interested, will say that the appropriation ought not to be taken away from *The Journal*, and transferred to the New York Institution for the instruction of the pupils in printing.

THE Boston paper for the deaf and dumb, which has been impending for some time, has, at last, made its appearance. It is called the *Literary Budget*, and is a monthly of eight pages somewhat larger than those of THE SILENT WORLD. It is well printed and has a good selection of miscellaneous matter, but nothing about the deaf and dumb of particular interest. It is published under the auspices of the Boston Deaf-mute Library Association, at a subscription price of \$1.25 a year. It will, doubtless, improve with age, and it has our best wishes, as its avowed object is to "sustain a system of industrial education for deaf-mutes by which they shall be enabled to earn a better livelihood, and under happier auspices than many are now laboring." Just how the *Budget* is to accomplish this praiseworthy end, does not appear, but we suppose that the cash profits arising from subscriptions are to do the work. Let us hope they will.

It has been officially announced that Mr. Job Turner, of Staunton, Virginia, has been chosen orator for the occasion of the dedication of the Clerc Memorial, with Mr. James Denison, of Washington, as substitute. As Mr. Turner is suffering from nervous prostration, it is certain that Mr. Denison will deliver the address. The honor to Mr. Denison is, perhaps, somewhat less for coming to him in such a round-about way, especially as it was known that Mr. Turner could not officiate before he was chosen, still it is great and we congratulate him and all who are interested in the occasion upon his choice. From a long personal acquaintance with him, we are certain that he will conscientiously honor the occasion with his best endeavors to present a faithful tribute to Laurent Clerc, while his abilities assure us that his efforts will be crowned with no small measure of success. Messrs. Syle and Newell constitute a Committee of Arrangements for the occasion, with Messrs. Weeks and Bird, of Hartford, as local agents.

MISS M. B. LAWRENCE, of New Jersey, and a graduate of the New York Institution, is now under instruction in Mr. Whipple's Articulation school at Mystic River, Conn. We understand she is making fine progress in articulation and lip-reading, although she is a congenital mute and has commenced rather late.

JOHN R. BURNET.

MR. BURNET died at his home at Livingstone, New Jersey, on the morning of June 16th, aged about seventy years. He had attended to the examinations of his class in the New York Institution the day preceding, but feeling unwell, had gone home, and it is supposed he there died of heart-disease.

Thus passes away a man who has made himself eminent alike for his virtues, his evenly balanced mind, and his labors in behalf of the class of which his infirmity made him a member. We never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Burnet, but we have been most favorably impressed by our relations with him as a contributor to THE SILENT WORLD. He always took a warm interest in all that related to the deaf and dumb, and a worthy enterprise in their behalf never wanted his hearty support and the aid of his ready pen.

As a writer, he is familiar to our readers by his frequent communications to this paper. He was ready with his pen, careful and accurate in his statements, and by his evident fairness, carried great weight with his opinion. He took a prominent part in the discussions which agitated *The Annals* a score of years ago, and in all he wrote he won credit for himself.

He possessed one of those solid characters which are the source of so much genuine satisfaction, and which win so much hearty respect; and to him we can point as a fair example of what every deaf-mute of intelligence should strive to be.

The loss to his friends is not small, but he went to his grave "in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season," and they have the satisfaction of looking back on a life well spent, and of knowing that, while he was not permitted to retire to that rest which he had planned on the closing of the late school term, he died in the harness as a true champion of his fellows.

The feelings of sorrow that afflict his friends and associates in the New York Institution have found expression in resolutions, some of which we give below:

At a meeting of the Grand Lodge of the Order of Elect Surds, June 19th, the following Preamble and Resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from this world John R. Barret, one of the oldest, best known, and most widely respected of the deaf-mutes of America, and

WHEREAS, Though not a member of this Order, yet by his labors to ameliorate the condition of the deaf and dumb, he has contributed greatly to the object of this Order, be it, therefore,

Resolved, That his disinterested and life-long services for the benefit of the deaf and dumb merit our deepest respect, and call for our acknowledgment,

Resolved, That we tender to his bereaved family our deep sympathy.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be entered in the minutes of the Lodge; and that a copy of the same be sent for publication, to *The Annals*, *The Journal*, and other periodicals devoted to the interests of the deaf and dumb, including *Smith's Magazine*.

We have also received, but too late for publication in this number, a copy of resolutions unanimously adopted by Mr. Burnet's class, which are substantially the same as the above, except that the pupils resolve that "as a token of their love for him and respect for his many virtues, they will try to imitate him."

A DEAF and dumb man named Roswell Howk, while walking on the track of the Utica and Black River Rail road yesterday (Thursday) afternoon, near Central street, within the corporation limits, was overtaken by the train, and, although the engineer made efforts to stop, the pilot struck the old man and threw him into the ditch, but strange to say, not injuring him dangerously. He was taken up and Dr. Trowbridge summoned, but fortunately his services were not required, further than to apply some simple remedies to the bruises.—*Watertown Times*, May 5.



## COLLEGE RECORD.

## OUR PIC-NIC.

It came off on the 13th of June. The croakers had said that it would not come off at all; that it would be too hot or too cold; that it would rain; that we could n't get a boat, or that the boat would go to the bottom; and that, if it did come off, it would be a tame and spiritless affair. They were mistaken in every particular; but the preceding blistering days had raised such conscientious doubts in the minds of about half of the College boys, that, when the auspicious morn arrived and they saw the school depart in gay attire, they could not believe the evidence of their senses, and, when too late, found themselves left to the dreary comfort of solitary halls and cold dinners.

The school went over to Georgetown by horse-cars, and at Congress street, took the boat and were towed up through the watery avenue of that Venice of the Potomac by two sleek mules, dodging under low-hanging bridges to save their best bonnets and hats, and watching with interest the jams of boats and the celerity of the negroes in unloading the coal barges; and then out into the open country, with its breezy freshness and stretches of pretty scenery. The canal and the method of working it were all new to most, and the passing boats, the gates and locks, the waste-ways and feeders were faithfully inspected by all, and explained by the few who were familiar with their workings.

When just out of the city limits, one of those canoes which have excited some curiosity by their summer trip down the Shenandoah River, was sighted, hailed, inspected, found to contain Balis of '75, and taken in tow. It performed effective service as a sort of lighter to our unwieldy hulk, picking up hats blown off into the water by the too-eager wind, and bringing the first intelligence of the approach of the Professor of P., Mr. P., who had been left behind, and now came up at a fine pace.

The morning was well spent when the school finally crossed the Chain Bridge—an iron structure over the Potomac River, nearly half-a-mile long—and camped in a pretty dell on the Virginia side, through which ran a bubbling brook over mossy ledges of rock, and near which was a spring of delicious water. The Institution wagon had arrived there before them, well laden with the things that taste so good on such occasions, and these were quickly distributed and as quickly disappeared.

Then the party broke up, and devoted themselves to various sports: skipping-rope, grace-hoops, and fishing; and many explored the neighboring hills, or clambered over the rocks to the brink of the Little Falls of the Potomac, and were thrilled and awed by the impetuous rush and whirl of the tumbling waters.

Thus the afternoon passed pleasantly. An early recall cut short the programme for some systematic fishing, and leaves unknown to fame, the names that would have lent a halo of glory to this "plain unvarnished tale," had they been allowed to win the races over the Chain Bridge, that had been arranged for them: but it insured a seasonable return home, which, to tired little limbs, is a boon not to be lightly estimated.

The return trip was made without mishap; and the pleasure of the day was marred by no accident. 'T is true Miss Weller had a dispute with the wind about the possession of her parasol, while on the bridge, and had to yield the point and let her sun-shade fly, rather than use it as a parachute, but it was recovered and restored by Master Scott. Then, too, there were a number of falls on the rocks, which produced slight bruises, but as the Committee of Arrangements shared these discomforts equally with the rest, no one complained. The only thing that the girls complained of, is that "Old Sol" was entirely too warm in his salutations, and so

deeply were their feelings stirred by his attentions, that the blushes he called to their cheeks (and noses) lasted for days thereafter much to their discomfort and the consumption of cream.

And now the universal cry is, "The Great Falls! the Great Falls of the Potomac!" So mote it be.

## THE END.

THE President delivered the closing lecture of the term in the Hall, on the afternoon of the 21st, addressing himself more particularly to the graduates. He made earnest and eloquent remarks on the words of Christ: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me: for whosoever shall save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it."

The examinations passed off quietly, and comparatively few were discomfited in the ordeal. In announcing the results to the students, the President took occasion to say a few earnest words, reminding them that, while all had a past whose mistakes and failings were unalterable, they also had a future which was wholly theirs, to mould as they willed. He urged them so to conduct themselves while at a distance from the *agis* of their *Alma Mater*, as to reflect honor upon her and upon themselves.

Wednesday morning, at 10 o' clock, the inmates of the Institution assembled in the Hall to witness the valedictory of Mr. Chapin, and the conferring of the degrees. The Board of Directors was represented by President Gallaudet, Congressman Niblack, of Indiana, Rev. Dr. Sunderland, and William Stickney, Esq., the Secretary. With the Faculty, they occupied the platform on the west side of the Hall, while Mr. Chapin delivered his words of farewell. At the conclusion of his address, the President announced the names of the candidates for degrees, and then, speaking to them, said that the attainments which had made them worthy of the honor conferred upon them that day were praiseworthy, and bade them remember that with increase of honor came an increase of responsibility. It was possible for them to make return to the College, which thus showed appreciation of their efforts, by the faithfulness with which they obeyed those principles of truth and uprightness inculcated in its teachings.

A certificate designating the studies in which he had passed examinations, was then awarded to Mr. Jacob H. Knoedler, of Pennsylvania, and diplomas presented to Messrs. Davis (B. S.), Chapin (B. A.), Wilkinson (B. A.), and Hotchkiss (M. A.) Messrs. J. H. Logan and J. G. Parkinson, who had also been awarded the degree of M. A., were not able to be present on the occasion.

After prayer by Dr. Sunderland, the gathering dispersed, and the grads. were heartily congratulated by their fellows and many others present.

There were no other public ceremonies during the day, in the College Department. The class planted no ivy as has been the custom since '69 graduated; and the organization of an Alumni Association, which has been talked of, had been postponed indefinitely, because no response had been elicited from non-resident graduates, and the resident graduates did not feel able to bear the expense of the public dinner unaided.

In the afternoon, at 3 o' clock, the

## ROLL OF HONOR

for the year ending June 25, 1874, was called in the Chapel of the Primary Department, and the pupils responded as follows:

*Unblemished record for the whole scholastic year of nine months.*—Grace A. Freeman, Elizabeth McCormick, Mary E. McDonald, Henry Trieschman.

*For eight months:* Sarah A. Gourley, Josephine Sardo, Nelson White.

*For seven months:* Lydia Leitner.

*For six months:* Justina Bevan, Margaret Ryan, Arthur D. Bryant.

*For five months:* Sophia R. Weller, Robert W. Dailey.

*For four months:* Abram Frantz, William Kohl.

*For three months:* Edward Clark, Calvin F. Stephens.

*For two months:* Caroline Mades, Edward Humphrey, Frank A. Scott, John Smith.

*For one month:* Sarah Preston, Georgianna E. Pritchard, William A. Connolly, John C. Wagner.

And thus came the end. The evening and morning trains bore most of our inmates away to every point of the compass and to every part of the United States; and, now, one confesses to a tinge of melancholy as he *feels* the echo of his footsteps in the long deserted corridors, or allows his eye to dwell on that paradise of lazy students, the College door-steps. We, dwellers in this pleasant home, are happier here than we know till the end comes, and friends and familiar faces no longer meet us at every turn. We suddenly find out how much we like each other as we clasp hands at parting, and remember that many will not come back to us. 'T is then that we feel the words we speak, and experience a vague longing for the days that are gone to come back that we may the more openly show the love we feel for our departing friends.

PRESIDENT GALLAUDET and wife have been blessed with another daughter, and joy is ours.

S—N, '78, thinks he can beat any body in College at croquet, and we think so too.

A MEMBER of the Faculty thinks the Class of '74 has graduated the best legs yet honored with a B. A.

PROF. FAY took his mare, Nelly, to Saratoga when he went. He does not mean to enter her for the Morrissey cup.

MR. HOTCHKISS was recently "drowned out" of his room in the College building by a defective eaves-pipe, and took refuge in the Institution.

OUR chronicler has indulged in a little sentiment in winding up the term, but it seems to us he has not been properly affected by the disconsolate old shoes and tear-ful(l) articles of clothing that lie around in a broken-hearted way on the College floors.

DOUGLAS, our photographer, printed all the pictures exchanged this year; and, as he did it cheaply, he had a great deal more than he could attend to. He carried away quite a stock of negatives from which he can at all times furnish pictures to those who want them.

THOSE who leave College for good this Summer, are: Messrs. Chapin and Wilkinson of the regular Class of '74, Mr. Davis, Scientific, and Messrs. Knoedler, Douglas, Fortescue, Gould, Kidd, Pope, and Swartz, of the Selects. Most of them have been hard-working students and, as such, have won the sincere respect of their associates and instructors, and now go forth with the best wishes of all, to which we join our own, for success in both material and higher pursuits.

Besides the regular appropriation of \$48,000 for support, the Institution has received \$10,700 to pay off the debt incurred in securing the Kendall Estate, and \$29,000 to commence the erection of the Main College building and two professors' houses. Congress, by this action, has shown its continued confidence in the management of the Institution, and given guarantee that the completion of the buildings will be consummated at no distant time. As soon as it is accomplished, measures will be taken to secure as many students as the enlarged capacity of the College will accommodate. All deaf-mutes, and especially the ladies, have cause to congratulate themselves on this action, and to feel grateful to the friends of the Institution in Congress.

HENRY WHITE, of the Preparatory Class, has met with a severe accident. He had been compelled to stay at the College for a few days to await the arrival of the remittance from his father with which to go home, and, on the afternoon of the 26th, as he was going in town with Mr. Murphy, of the same class, he was struck by the locomotive of a passing train on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, as he was about to cross the track between 2d and 3d streets. His left arm was broken in three places above the elbow, and his head badly bruised and cut in many places. The largest wound on the head is about four inches long, and is a cut clean through the scalp. He was taken up by the train and carried to the depot and then sent home in a carriage. Dr. Lincoln attended to him, and he is now doing well; but it will be some time

before he can go home. All of his fellow-students and others will be sorry to hear of Mr. White's misfortune, and will unite with us in regret that his vacation should be thus, in a measure, spoiled, and in the hope that his recovery will be speedy and complete. The accident is a warning to all of us and to all deaf persons, if not others, to be very careful whenever obliged to go near a railroad. The danger is often great at the crossings that lie between us and the city, for trains run frequently and at a high rate of speed.

### MARRIED.

BOWDEN—SWETT.—In Marblehead, Mass., June 11, by Rev. W. W. Turner, of Hartford, Conn., John Bowden, Jr., and Persis H. Swett, daughter of W. B. Swett, all of Marblehead. We remember both Mr. and Mrs. Bowden at the American Asylum, and they have our best wishes for their future happiness and prosperity.

HOLMES—GILBERT.—In Derby, Conn., at the residence of the bride's father, June 2, by Rev. W. W. Turner, of Hartford, Conn., George A. Holmes, of Boston, and Libbie Gilbert, of Derby. Both are graduates of the American Asylum; and we remember Miss Gilbert well as a pleasant classmate; and on the strength of the old day memories we wish and her husband much happiness.

### INSTITUTION NEWS.

#### O D E.

*Dedicated to the Pupils of the Flint Institution.*

BY MOLLIE E. ERNIN.

INSTITUTE for the Blind, the Deaf and Dumb,  
Rear on the Western hills thy fretted towers!  
Thank God! there is a place where such may come,  
And find a haven in this world of ours.  
Thank God! that hearts have warmed so yearningly,  
That hands have lifted high each lofty wall,  
That darkened eyes may learn with soul to see,  
That deafened ears may catch the spirit-call.

We tread thy paths, we walk thy winding ways,  
We pause in Chapel, and await the prayer  
So softly silent, while the notes of praise  
We catch, unspoken, on the pulseless air.  
We feel the hush and drink the eloquence  
Of soulful eye and Heaven-imploping hand,  
And for the moment, feel the subtle sense  
Of sound were not more sweet to understand,

We wait with those whose shadow-curtained eyes  
Are raised to ours almost inquiringly;  
We know that 'neath their mental vision lies  
A wondrous world which we may never see;  
Such sense of touch, so exquisitely fine,  
Bears to the inner life some recompense,  
While guerdon-glimpses of a Hand divine,  
Flash thrillingly upon the darkened sense.

We walk thy halls, we thread thy storied stairs,  
Wind up, and on, while to our eye appears  
The old grey eagle, that unbending, bears  
His crest aloft throughout the fleeting years.  
Proud guardian of the Asylum home,  
Keep well thy vigil, hold thy eyrie high,  
Call thou earth's silent, sightless ones to come,  
And keep thy hovering trust most tenderly.

We look upon the blue horizon's rim,  
The stretch of farmland, wood, and river free;  
The noble city spreading far and dim—  
The pride and boast of peerless Genesee.  
Institute for the Blind, the Deaf and Dumb,  
Rear on the Western hills thy fretted towers!  
Thank God! there is a place where such may come,  
And find a haven in this world of ours.

#### OREGON.

THE session of this school closed with public examinations, conducted by W. S. Smith, the Principal, Rev. P. S. Knight acting as interpreter. The examinations were both entertaining and instructive, and showed an excellent degree of proficiency in the pupils.

There have been twenty-seven pupils in attendance at the school during the past year, and all have made good progress in their studies. The next term will begin the first Monday in September, and from letters received from different persons, there are good indications of an increased attendance at that time over the past year.



## MISSISSIPPI.

A LITTLE girl, named Ellen Drew, fell out of a second story window of the girls' dormitory last April, while asleep, and broke her left arm.

Also a few nights ago, a little boy, Jackson Farmer, fell out of the window of the boys' dormitory. He escaped more lightly than the little girl, however, as he only sprained his ankle, although his fall was about twenty feet.

School will close June 20.

June 6, 1874.

J. W. S.

## KENTUCKY.

THIS afternoon, received from our distinguished friend, Hon. J. Q. Chenoweth, what we, at first glance, took to be a handsome Bible in bronze and gold. Upon removing the covering of brown paper, it proved to be a box, which, for several minutes, baffled all efforts to open. As it was not the first of April and we were not expecting a box of any kind from Texas, the very genius of curiosity took possession of us for about five minutes. We pushed the sides, thumped the lids, until suddenly we raised something in the inside that gave a responsive "kick." As suddenly we dropped it, and breathlessly awaited the *denouement*. There it lay upon the floor, as still as if it was just what it seemed to be—a box. Was it a box or not a box? That's the question. I began to think I was laboring under a strong mental delusion, for I could not for my life decide whether that was a real thump I felt from something inside the beautiful casket or whether that was a real box before my eyes. The idea that anything with animal life could have been sent in a sealed box, through the mail, all the way from Texas, and still be alive, never occurred to me. Having from childhood a most indomitable perseverance about unravelling mysteries, I procured a stick, and began a vigorous but cautious investigation of the affair. I poked it, and, receiving no answer, I gave it a smart blow, at the risk of desecration; immediately a quivering motion followed, and a succession of whirls and dances, as was never surpassed in a spiritual seance. Being no believer in spiritualism, and common sense having returned to its vacated seat, I sent forthwith for Mr. Schoofield, at all times a man of valor. He took the box in his hand and drew partly open (very cautiously, however,) a little drawer, which contained, to his great delight, a horrible horned-frog! He shifted its quarters into a larger prison-house with glass cover, and gave it a refreshing meal of blue-grass, ice-water, and Kentucky dirt, which doubtless it will enjoy after the long journey. The wicked-looking thing is still alive, and any one wishing to see it, can have the pleasure by applying to Mr. Schoofield. —From the Matron's Diary in The Kentucky Deaf-mute.

## ONTARIO (CANADA).

THE fifty-fifth anniversary of the birth-day of Queen Victoria was celebrated on the 25th of May. The weather was highly unfavorable, and the rain interfered to a considerable extent with the arrangements for the celebration. In the afternoon, however, it cleared up, and the firemen turned out two hours after the hour fixed.

The procession certainly presented a fine appearance as it wended its way over the muddy streets. Last, in order, but among the first in appearance and discipline, was the company from the deaf and dumb Institution, the Captain, Mr. Greene, at the head, and a stalwart drummer beating time. Of this company, all are deaf-mutes, except Master Ernest Palmer, who carried the Union Jack. Masters Charley Elliot, of Toronto, and Heady Grant, of Hamilton, rode on the engine. The beautiful banner carried by two members of the company and which was universally admired, was presented to the company by Mrs. W. Elliott, of Toronto, who has two children in the Institution. The Dominion flag borne in the procession, was the gift of Mrs. W. W. Grant, of Hamilton. The company marched with the precision of veteran soldiers, and much credit is due to Mr. Greene for the perfection in drill to which his skillful and patient training has brought his deaf-mute firemen.

The route of the procession was as usual thronged with spectators, amongst whom were the pupils in attendance at the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, whose orderly conduct and neat appearance speak well for the careful training of the Principal of the Institution and his subordinates.

Immediately after the Fire Companies had dispersed to the respective headquarters, the band proceeded to Bleeker's Grove, where a largely attended pic-nic, under the auspices of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, was held. By invitation of Father Farelly, the pupils from the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb attended. The day was rather cold, yet a good deal of enjoyment was had, and the deaf-mutes were liberally treated by the Reverend gentleman, who had invited them to visit the pic-nic grounds.

The members of the Chemical Engine Company were the guests of the deaf-mutes at the Institution, during the evening. The hosts entertained their guests right heartily, and mirth and amusement ruled until quite a late hour, when the gathering separated, with cheers for the Queen and for the Principal of the Institution. —Belleville Intelligencer.

## NEW YORK.

SOME time ago, Mr. Alphonso Johnson, in addition to his duties as a teacher, was appointed to take charge of the boys during the evening hours of study. Any one who has ever been, for any length of time, in the room with a large company of boys assembled for study, will readily comprehend what a task Mr. Johnson set for himself in undertaking to be in charge of three hundred boys full of innocent mischief. Of course, as long as his eye was constantly on them, they did very well, but this constant watching, night after night, soon became wearisome in the extreme.

Mr. Johnson thereupon hit upon a plan, which has worked admirably. He organized a society, calling it the S. T. S. Society, and requiring all who joined it to pledge themselves to refrain from talking during study hours, in the Chapel, and during the procession to and from school and the Chapel. A badge with the society's initials printed on it, was given to each member, and he was allowed to keep and wear it only as long as he observed the rules of the society.

The society now numbers over two hundred members, and not one has lost his badge since receiving it. The smaller boys, especially, show great dread at the thought of losing their badges. If one of them, in jest, accuses another of having broken the rules of the society, and tells him that he will have to give up his badge, he will beg to be whipped, rather than have it taken away.

During study hours, an unbroken silence prevails in the study-room, and in the Chapel, the boys are so still and orderly that Dr. Peet says it is a real pleasure to him to officiate.

So far, the boys have showed no signs of being uneasy under the restraint imposed by this society, but the time it has been in operation is short and the number of the boys is so large that it is hardly to be expected that it will always remain so. Whether it does or not, it will have served a good turn, and the plan is open to such a variety of modifications that it might be made to last a long time, if not permanently.

The pupils' library has lately been replenished by some 220 volumes, costing about \$100. The selections were made by Mr. Syle, and the books range from toy books for the little ones to Miss Alcott's "Aunt Jo's Scrap Bag" and "Tom Brown at Rugby." —Journal.

## MINNESOTA.

THE closing exercises of our Institution took place on Tuesday afternoon, June 16th. The blind pupils gave a musical concert a week earlier, at which two hundred and forty visitors were present. The deaf-mutes did not attract so many visitors; but the exercises were of a most pleasing and interesting nature to those who could understand the sign-language.

Only two pupils graduated this year: John Martin and J. M. Cosgrove. The former had a well written essay on "Minnesota," giving a brief and comprehensive account of the trials endured by the pioneer-settlers, the rapid growth of the State, and its prosperous condition at the present time. The essay was delivered in a very clear and graceful manner. Mr. Cosgrove gave the history of the Minnesota Institution from 1867 up to the present time. The beginning of this period found a few pupils crowded together in an old frame house. Its close witnesses a beautiful and durable stone structure, containing a hundred pupils, with a certainty of a rapid increase in the future. Mr. Cosgrove also delivered the valedictory address. He expects to enter College next Fall, and his many friends confidently believe that he will reflect credit, not only upon himself, but also upon the Institution, of which he is to be the first representative at the College.

At the close of the exercises, Mr. Noyes addressed the graduates, reminding them that their school-days were over, and of the responsibilities resting upon them henceforth, as men and as citizens, and giving them some good advice, which, if remembered, will be of much benefit to them in future years.

Towards the close of the term, it was interesting to note the joyful eagerness with which the pupils looked forward to the last day of school, that they might "go home" and spend the vacation with their parents and friends. It occurred to me that this showed most plainly the fallacy of one of the chief objections of Mr. Ackers, of England, to the use of signs, viz: that it render the pupils so contented and happy, that their love for their homes and home-friends is lessened thereby. It is true that the pupils are generally contented to remain at school during the term, but that the love of home and home-friends remains strong in their hearts, is shown by the joy they invariably exhibit when the last day arrives, and they are about to return to their parents and the scenes hallowed by the fond memories of early childhood.

The birth-day of Mr. Noyes, the Superintendent of the Institution, was celebrated on the Saturday preceding vacation. Among the presents received on the occasion, was a photograph of a group of nine of the girls, beautifully framed, and accompanied by this little note, "Please accept this as a birth-day gift from your girls."

In the evening, the officers and pupils joined in playing social games

on the smooth lawn in front of the Institution, after which, all partook of an ice-cream supper in the dining room, during which Mr. Noyes made a little address, thanking the pupils for their presents, and wishing them all a happy vacation.

Early in June, a number of the members of the Order of Odd Fellows visited the Institution. An impromptu exhibition was gotten up for their entertainment, which pleased them so much that they left \$19.10 with the Superintendent. The money was added to the fund of \$40 raised by the pupils last Winter at their exhibition, to purchase books for their library.

D. H. C.

## AMERICAN ASYLUM.

OUR examinations are in progress, and are up to the average in results.

To-morrow, the pupils will have a half-holiday to attend the ceremonies and military display at the unveiling of the new Putnam statue in the park.

We have, in preparation, a drama, "A drop too much," and some tableaux for the last Friday of the term.

The pupils go home Tuesday morning, June 23.

June 16, 1874.

W. L. B.

THE following extracts from a private letter of Mr. Edmund Booth, of *The Anamosa (Iowa) Eureka* were recently published in *The Journal*, and will be found of interest. The Mr. Earnest mentioned is the same we refer to in our Personal column:

"Numerous incidents crowd on my memory, pleasant to think of now, some of them seeming serious then, but ludicrous as we think of them after the many years gone. I entered school—the Asylum—in 1828, when it was eleven years old. Tom Brown had just been through, but stayed two or three years longer, working in the shop. Of course he was anterior to me in date. Ask him to give what account he can of Mr. Clerc in the latter's younger years. I remember one of the girls, whose time was nearer out than mine, remarking that Mr. C. had grown older in the years since she entered. In 1828, Mr. Gallaudet was Principal, and taught the highest class, consisting of the brothers Ball, (Benjamin W. and Danforth E.) John O. David, William Earnest, the blooming Ann Sharp, the two Derby sisters, who once astonished me one evening at Dr. Cogswell's residence by carrying on a conversation solely by motion of the lips. There may have been two or three other boys in that class, but I have forgotten. All the girls and D. E. Ball are dead, alas! Mr. Clerc's class was the next after Mr. Gallaudet's. They are more difficult to recollect without consulting the old reports—1828, forty-six years ago.

"In 1830 I entered Mr. Clerc's class, and here I would like to dwell a moment on his mode of teaching, so different and so superior to the careless, slipshod way of many teachers. It was not till then I had any clear idea of grammar or the fact that language has rules.

"What a change forty-six years have made! Ask Tom Brown to tell of the internal arrangements of the Asylum half a century ago. Ask Mr. Turner to exhibit the old-fashioned whale-oil lamps used in the boys' and girls' study-rooms in the evening, three lamps to every table of eight boys. Ask Brown to tell of that old stove in the boys' study-room, the stove a foot in diameter, cylinder-shape, two feet long, set on a stove potburning coal, and the only stove for seventy or more boys, the room being warmed more by the natural heat of their bodies than by that very economical stove. Ask him to tell how, in one very cold snap, Earnest, Lovejoy, and Covell took it out in the night and smashed it, and how the Directors sent another as near like it as possible. I wish Mr. Turner would put that stove and a few of the lamps in the Asylum museum as a contrast to the present. Half a century hence will show as great a contrast from now."

At a meeting of the teachers and officers of the American Asylum held May 28th, 1874, the following testimonial was adopted:

In the Providence of Him who giveth life and appointed the periods of our earthly existence, death has again come and taken from us one who has been long and usefully and pleasantly a member of our Institution.

Miss Nancy Dillingham was one of the early pupils of our school, and since leaving the school, has been thirty years connected with the Asylum as assistant Matron. Her uniform, cheerful, assiduous, faithful, and diligent discharge of her duties, together with her agreeable, social, Christian character have gained for her the abundant respect and affectionate, grateful remembrance of her associates.

In behalf, therefore, of ourselves and her other associates—with sadness for our loss of her valuable services and agreeable society, we give to her friends and the public this testimony of our regard for her memory.

D. E. BARTLETT, *Secretary*.

## THE FORTNIGHT.

IMPORTANT coal discoveries in Alabama are reported.

Memphis claims to be the healthiest city on the continent.

A cremation society at Zurich, Switzerland, has 600 members.

One of the most flourishing dress-makers in Paris is said to be a Connecticut man.

Steam is successfully used on London street rail-roads. The machinery is quite hidden from view, no heat is felt, no noise is heard, and stoppages are effected more readily than with horses.

Two young princes of Austria entered into a violent quarrel, when one said to the other, "You are the greatest ass in Vienna." Just then the Emperor, their father, entered, and said indignantly, "Come, come, young gentlemen, you forget that I am present."

A little boy from Chicago, on going to the sea-side, saw a turtle in the back yard of a hotel, and his astonishment knew no bounds. "Oh, mother! mother!" said the child, "come right away quick! for here's the queerest thing—a great, black frog, with a hat on his back, creeping on his knees."

The Chinese companies of San Francisco, which are supposed to exercise a control and government over the heathen population of California more effective than the authority of duly constituted law, are now collecting all the known thieves, cut-throats, and vagrants among their countrymen, and shipping them back to China. Several hundred have already departed under the action of this enforced emigration scheme.

A French count, who boasted of his perfection in the English language, wrote: "Be not surpriz'd i write so perfectly well in English, but since I am here i speak, and hear speaking all the day English, and during the nights, if some rats or mouses trouble me, i tell them, 'Go-lon,' and they obey, understanding perfectly my English. Believe the faithful friendship that I feel for you, since that you were so much high as my finger."

Little Joe was the medicine man of a tribe of Indians near Big Pine, California. Sapsey had a fever, and Little Joe killed him in a clumsy effort to cure him. The tribe were indignant at the malpractice, and as a punishment, dosed Little Joe with the medicine that had killed Sapsey. But the doctor did not die of his own physic. Then he was stoned and stabbed to death. Four of the tribe have been arrested for the murder. They confess the deed, but do not regard it as a crime, arguing that any doctor who can not cure, ought to be put to death.

San Francisco Chinese vegetable peddlers are, as a rule, very accommodating to their customers. A Celestial who had been serving a family with "garden-sass," was recently stricken down with small-pox, since which time the vegetables have been procured from another quarter. The lady of the house overcame her scruples the other day, called in a passing peddler, and purchased from him a quantity of strawberries, potatoes, and turnips. As he was dealing these out, she said: "John, you no got small-pox, eh?" "No, no; me do n't habe got; bringee he to-morrow."

One of the little ones of our acquaintance has just attained the age of seven years. He alludes to his past years as the time when he was a little fellow, and has conceived a great idea of the responsibilities which the age of seven years entails. To him it is the first dawn of manhood. On his seventh birth-day, he was using his hatchet, driving a nail. In lifting it, he struck his head with the sharp side with such force that it brought the blood. The pain brought tears to his eyes and vengeance to his heart. Stiffing back the former, he threw down the hatchet with vim, exclaiming, "Mamma, if I was only six, wouldn't I holler!"

An old Scotchman was taking his grist to mill in sacks thrown across the back of his horse, when the animal stumbled, and the grain fell to the ground. He had not strength to raise it, being an aged man, but he saw a horseman riding along, and thought he would appeal to him for help. But the horseman proved to be the nobleman who lived in the castle hard by, and the farmer could not muster courage to ask a favor of him. But the nobleman was a gentleman also, and, not waiting to be asked, he quickly dismounted, and between them, they lifted the grain to the horse's back. John—for he was a gentleman too—lifted his Kilmarnock bonnet, and said: "My lord, how shall I ever thank you for your kindness?" "Very easily, John," replied the nobleman. "Whenever you see another man in the same plight as you were in just now, help him, and that will be thanking me."